RIDING INTO ATHENS

Royal Palace and Constitution Square

The Parthenon

WE WERE to arrive in the morning at Piraeus, the ancient harbor of Athens, and I was on deck early. Soon after the familiar outlines of the Parthenon appeared in the distance, a white structure sharply delineated against the dark background of the Pentelicon. Peculiar as is the charm of the Greek landscape, it dwindles into insignificance as against the deep interest awakened by the old myths and historical reminiscences connected with this sacred cradle of European civilization.

Approaching our harbor we left several islands behind, among them Aegina, where, seven centuries B. C. a great step in civilization, the coinage of the first silver currency, was accomplished. Close to the harbor lies Salamis. What memories the view of the narrow stretch of water between this island and the coast recalls! Here was fought one of the decisive naval battles of the world, and here—irony of the times—a few weeks ago took place an insignificant little revolt of part of the little fleets of modern Greece.

Trouble at Landing.

My contemplations were disturbed by the rattle of anchor chains and a noisy crowd of hotel runners, guides and boatmen climbing at the same time over her sides. Being closely harassed, I made an end to the keen competition for possession of my baggage by turning it over to the agent of a hotel who had recognized me as a former guest. I got ashore in a large rowboat. The custom house formalities were soon finished, and I engaged a dilapidated-looking vehicle, the driver of which had proved himself to be the best tackle in the wrangle for my hand-bags. Although a short railroad connects Piraeus with Athens, it is by far preferable to use a carriage, especially in the winter season, when the landscape looks fresh and the road is not so dusty. The jehus are satisfied with 3 to 4 drachmas, about half what they originally ask, and one is well repaid for the longer time occupied by having in view, along the whole road, alternately, the hill of the Acropolis, Mount Lycabettus, and other interesting points of the landscape. The carriage road is also more interesting because it is almost identical with the ancient walled road which the Athenians built, centuries before Christ, to protect their connection with the sea. Of those two walls, however, not a vestige remains today.

Behind Slow Horses.

From my present experience I would recommend, though, a careful examination of the horses of your conveyance, else it may happen that the entry into Athens be accomplished under difficulties, such as I suffered. We had hardly left Piraeus when I noticed that the distance between another carriage, which left at the same time, and my own vehicle began to increase considerably. At first I did not pay any attention to this until we reached the narrow bed of a small rivulet, the historical Kephissu, which crosses the road to Athens within a short distance from Piraeus. There I remarked that the first carriage had left us way behind and was just disappearing behind a clump of poplar trees.

I poked the driver in the ribs with my umbrella and urged him to a faster pace. He shrugged his shoulders and cracked his whip, but the pace of his nags became steadily slower until we reached, at last, the small tavern on the right side of the road, halfway to Athens, which is so well known to most tourists who have visited Greece. The drivers always stop here, ostensibly to water the horses, but in reality to have their passengers pay them a glass of raki or masticha.

Here I noticed that one of the horses was lame and bled from an ugly wound in the knee. There being no other conveyance for me, I urged the driver, after treating him to a generous drink, to wash and tie up the sore, and after a rest of fifteen to twenty minutes we proceeded on our way. The leisurely trot, however, in which we started soon changed again to a slow walk until the lame horse fell and the carriage suddenly halted. The driver began to ply his whip energetically until I stopped him and alighted to help the nag out of harness. The second horse was too decrepit to pull us alone to the city.

I was on the horns of a dilemma when a mule cart passed and my driver began negotiations for the loan of the beast. An understanding was reached and the mule harnessed to our vehicle. Upon trying to proceed now it became evident, though, that the mule was not accustomed to pull in double harness, and it stubbornly refused to move. The energetic lashes of the driver were answered by just as energetic kicks, and at this point I would have started to walk the rest of the way had the road not been extremely muddy.

In Athens at Last.

I was cursing the ludicrous situation when a second cart drawn by a single horse overtook us. After a prolonged parley this steed was transferred to my carriage. The two animals pulled away, and I was congratulating myself on my chances of soon reaching Athens, when the new equine acquisition developed a tendency of throwing us into the ditch. No exertion of the driver, no pulling on the lines, was able to keep the team in the middle of the road, the Pelopidas, the jehu, had to dismount and lead the animals by the bridle. In this way I rode into the city of Pericles, but on reaching the first houses of Hermes street, I, too, dismounted and walked to my hotel, reaching it some time before the carriage arrived.

SIGMUND KRAUSZ.

He Wood Be Dood.

Little Johnny wanted to go to church; his mother was afraid to take him lest he should make a noise; but his father said: "Johnny knows better than to make a noise in church, doesn't he?" "Yes, papa me will be dood." So they took him with them, and he kept very still till the last prayer, by which time he had grown so tired that he got up on the cushion of the seat, and stood with his back to the pulpit. When the lady in the seat behind him bowed her head for prayer, Johnny thought she was crying, so he leaned over and said to the lady in a tone which was meant for a whisper, but which was only too plainly heard: "Poor, dear lady! What se matter? Do oo belly ache?"

Color Photography in Surgery.

Color photography is now applied to surgery. An autochrome plate is taken of the diseased condition before operation, so that the student may study the condition and have a better means of identifying a disease than the present black and white photograph affords.

CATCHING the OULACHAN

By JOHN BRAND

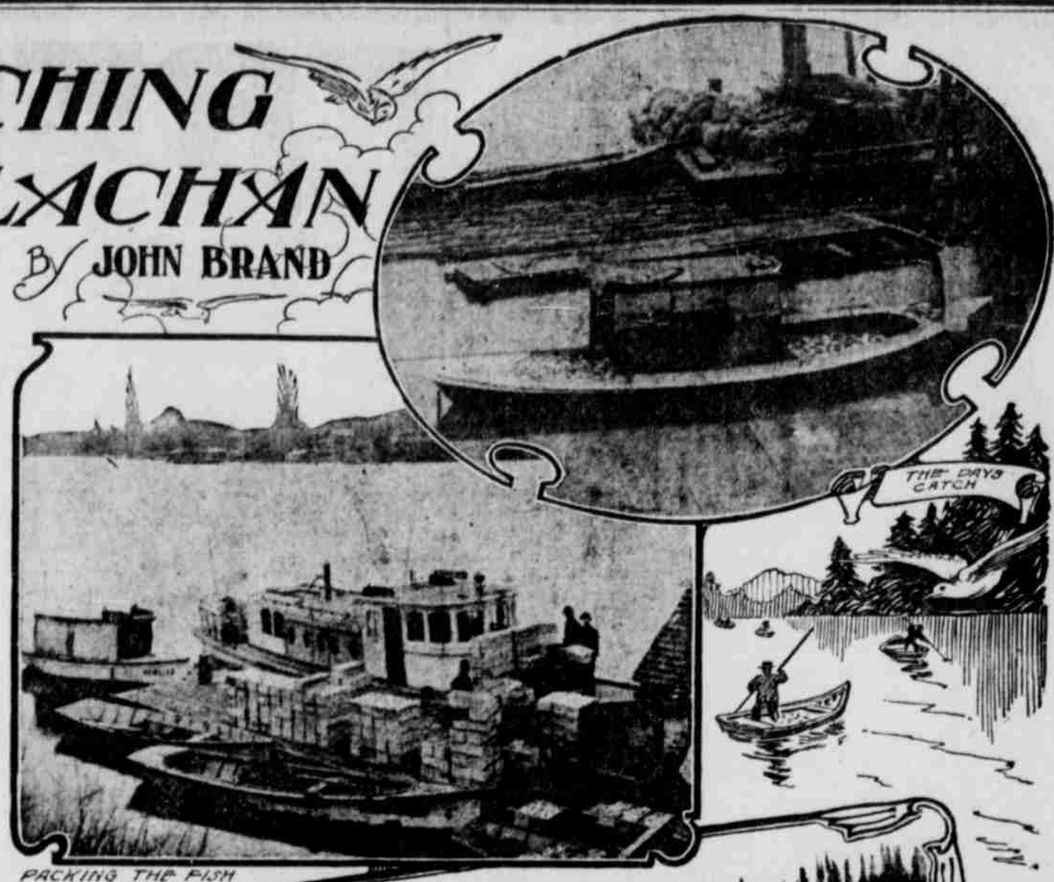
ULACHAN?"

The old Indian turned his face from the camp fire and fixed his bead-black eyes on mine.

"Oulachan," I repeated. "Why do men call you Oulachan?"

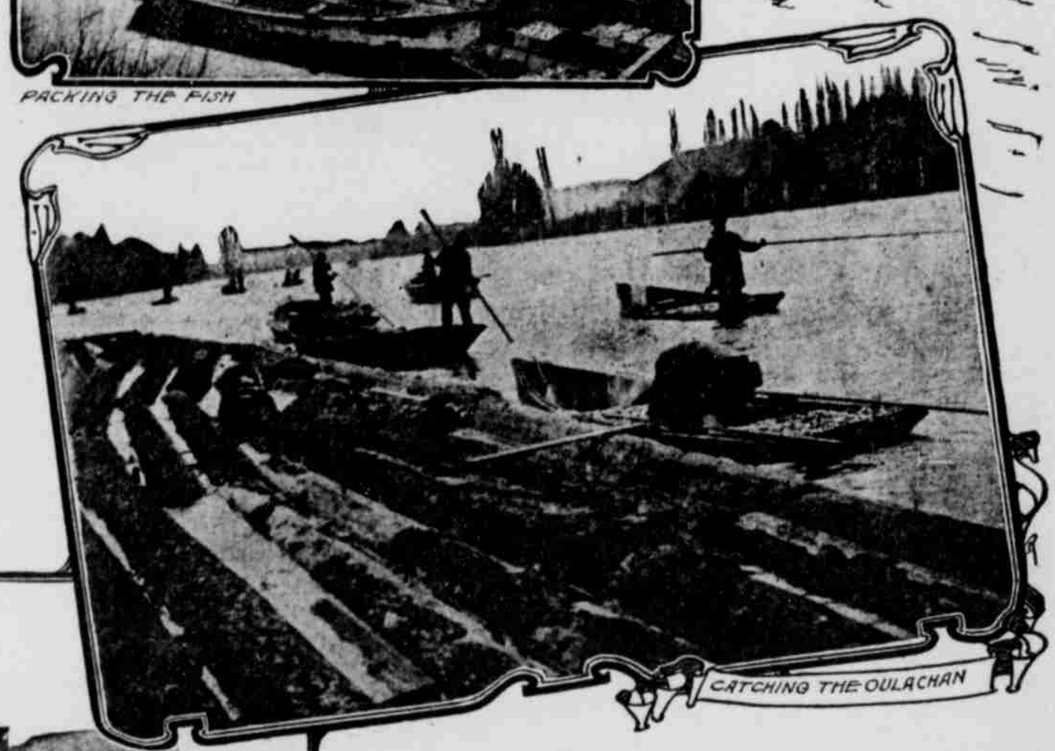
He turned his wrinkled face to the fire again and we sat awhile in silence. Then, in the deep gutturals and short, broken words of his native tongue, he told me.

"Many summers ago," he said, "the teepees of my father's tribe stood where we sit tonight. The white man was not here then"—he pointed up the river toward Kelso—"the woods and the open were the Indian's. The Indian hunted and fished and was happy. But white men came up the big river in canoes and they brought with them the black death. Warriors, klootchmen, pappooses, all alike sickened. Many died. When the rain and the winter came, no deer meat, no fish hung beside the teepees. For when the frost drove the black death away, the hunters were weak. They could not go to the woods for deer, and the salmon had passed on up the little river. The Indian was very hungry. The klootchmen and the pappooses cried for meat. And when the Indian was ready to fold his blanket around him and lie down to the long sleep, the Great Spirit saw and sent food. From the north it came, from under the frozen water. Swimming together. A long rope—big—many suns long. Many little fish swimming at the bottom of the big water—"the Pacific—"along the bottom of the big river"—the Columbia. "They came here to the mouth of the little river"—he pointed to the Cowlitz flowing past us in the darkness to the Columbia—"and here they came to the top of the water. My father saw them and shouted, 'Oulachan.' Hunters and klootchmen went into the water and caught the oulachan with their hands. 'Oulachan,' they shouted. They made potlach and were filled. In that hour was I born. My name is Oulachan."

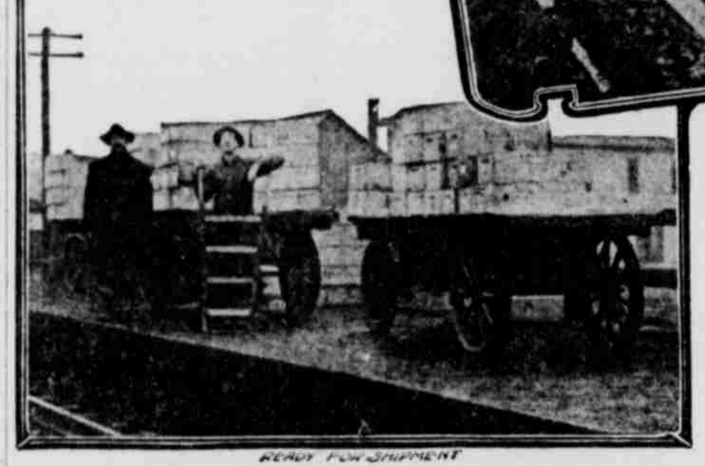


PACKING THE FISH

THE DAYS CATCH



CATCHING THE OULACHAN



READY FOR SHIPMENT

The oulachan still runs in the Cowlitz and every year there is a feast, but it is a feast for white men; the Indian tribes have vanished from the river. During the early months of winter Portland and all the cities and towns within reach of the fishing grounds look forward to the feast. In the old days when Portland was the only market fishermen scrambled for the first of the run. A wild race of the deep-laden boats up the Columbia followed, and the first boatload to reach the market sold, smelt for silver, weight for weight. But since railroads and refrigerator cars have put smelt fishing on the basis of a practical industry, the first run of the oulachan does not bring more than 20 cents the pound in the northwestern retail markets, though the very first to arrive are eagerly sought at prices somewhat higher.

Known commercially as the Columbia river smelt, the king of pan fish has several names. Ichthyologists classify it as thleichthys pacificus, of the smelt family. The Indians of the Columbia river region knew it as oulachan and the pioneer fishermen called it the Eskimo candle fish. In shape it resembles the smelt of the eastern states and Europe, but its rich yet delicate and sweet flavor places it far above them in the estimation of the epicures. Indeed, enthusiasts insist that as a pan fish it is superior to trout of any kind.

For unnumbered years the oulachan has made the Cowlitz river its spawning ground and of course the Columbia river Indians were the first to use it for food. During the runs they caught the fish in vast quantities, drying and smoking them, and dried, actually used them for light in their teepees. For so much is the oulachan in oil that, with a strip of bark run through it, the dried fish will burn with a clear flame from nose to tail.

In the early months of the northwestern winter the oulachan gather in uncountable millions at some unknown spot in Bering sea and begin their southward swim. Always close to the ocean bed, traveling in the form of a monster rope miles in length, they pass all the river and fiord openings along the coast until the mouth of the Columbia is reached. Then, so closely hugging the river bottom that kill nets are all but useless, to reach them, they make for the Cowlitz. A few miles up from the mouth of that river they strike the shallower water, and come within easy reach of the waiting fishermen.

From Indian times until the great catch of last season the method of fishing has been the same. A boat or a canoe to fish from, and a dip net with a long handle for fishing tackle, are all that is necessary. One does not even need the dip net to catch a "mess," for the river is literally alive with oulachan and children often bail them out of the water with tin cans, getting half fish and half water. Where the water is shallow enough they can even be caught with the bare hands, as their skin is not slimy when in the water.

The run is always heralded far down the Columbia by flocks of eagles, gulls and hawks, following in the wake of the living rope of fish and picking up the dead as they come to the surface. Then the fishermen gather by hundreds in their boats along the fishing grounds and feel along the bottom with the pole ends of their dip nets. When the pole strikes the small, wriggling bodies swimming along the river bottom in solid phalanx, it is simply dip and fill, empty the net into the boat, dip and fill again, until the boat can hold no more. There is not much sport about it. It is just about as exciting as clam digging and requires no more skill. Quantity caught, and quickness in dipping one's boat full to the gunwales of flapping little fish are the smelt fisherman's ideals of sport. And during the runs fishermen, fish eaters and even the eternally gobbling seagulls alike become sated. When the gulls are at all hungry the fishermen amuse themselves by tossing up smelt for the gulls to catch in the air. A seagull on the wing will grab a fish by the middle or tail, toss and reverse it in air, and gulp it down head first in the wink of an eye.

Most of the fishing is done at night. Daylight seems to scatter the fish, but even in daytime during the height of the season the fishermen keep at their work with good results. As a rule, there are two men to each boat and the craft are filled in an incredibly short time. One night last season two Kelso men filled a power launch to its capacity of 2,250 pounds in 45 minutes, or at the rate of 50 pounds a minute, and catches of 10,000 pounds in one day and night were frequent.

While the Cowlitz river is the only constant spawning ground, the oulachan has been known to run up the Lewis and the Sandy. At the time of the run up the Lewis, 14 years ago, there was only a small run of male fish in the Cowlitz, and the fishermen made their season's catch in the Lewis. About once in eight years there is a run up the Sandy, apparently independent of the Cowlitz run, as the number in that river is not lessened. At the time of the last run in the Sandy a party of Portland men went out with dip nets. One man lost his dip net but found an old, rusty, discarded bird cage. He tied it to the end of a pole and scored an equal catch with the others. During the same run farmers drove their wagons into the stream, dipped them full of fish and hauled load after load to their orchards to use as fertilizer. Pork sold in the Portland market some months later had a distinctly fishy flavor and revealed the fact that some of the thrifty agriculturists had fed smelt to their hogs.

Last season the Cowlitz river was the spawning ground of the greatest run of smelt ever known by fishermen who have been in the business over twenty years. At the season's close the river had yielded over 10,000,000 pounds, or 5,000 tons of oulachan, and as the fish average about eight to the pound 80,000,000 of them went the way of the market and the frying pan.

The fishing grounds of the Cowlitz are practically the only ones where the oulachan can be caught in paying quantities. On the Columbia some few are caught by gill netters. But the river is deep and for the most part the fish swim beyond the reach of the widest net. Even when caught they have to be picked one by one out of the meshes, so putting the gill netter out of competition with the Cowlitz man and his greedy, long-handled dipper. The grounds extend but eight or ten miles in the Cowlitz. Before Kelso was on the map the best location is said to have been directly opposite where the Northern Pacific depot now stands, but the growth of the town has driven the fish farther up and the best catches are now made two miles above this point. Between the small floating docks of the town and the fishing grounds boats ply day and night during the runs, going upstream empty and returning laden with fish. Over 500 boats are employed in the industry, about 75 of them power boats.

It seems strange that the oulachan, so far superior to the eastern smelt, has never reached the eastern markets. The fish are packed in 50-pound boxes for shipment and the earlier catches sell in the wholesale market at from $2.50 to $5.00 the box; but in the height of the season the ordinary fisherman gets only about $50 for 200 boxes—10,000 pounds. On the river are several men who buy at these prices from other fishermen, maintain boats of their own and ship direct to retail markets. Portland has wholesale buyers on the ground, and probably the greater part of the retail trade is supplied through them. At Kelso smelt have been shipped as far east as Wisconsin. The fishermen say that with cold storage facilities the output could be greatly increased. Canning in the form of sardines has never been tried, though in the opinion of experts the fish so treated would discount the imported sardine. The market is usually demoralized early in the five months' season by schoolboys, who go out, load up a few boats with fish and become an easy mark for buyers. Often, too, Greeks and Italians come up the river in boats, stay a day or two and sell their fish for whatever they can get, and the men regularly engaged in the trade want to make it a licensed one, on this account.

The growing output of the oulachan would seem, on the face of it, to demand a Gifford Pinchot on the fish commission. But the supply increases year after year with the demand and apparently knows no limit. Last year's run broke all records and the Cowlitz smelt fisher is looking forward in happy confidence to the coming winter, when the deeps and shallows of the streams will again be filled with oulachan.

Sad Blow.

"Was she overcome by her husband's sudden death?"

"Oh, yes. She had just bought half a dozen new ball gowns."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Soaring.

"She married an old man who is very rich."

"I went one better on that. I married a young aviator who is a millionaire."—Pele Mele.

Hard to Convince.

Little Tommy (eldest of the family, at dinner) —Mamma, why don't you help me before Ethel?

Mamma—Ladies must always come first.

Tommy (triumphantly)—Then why was I born before Ethel?—Tit-Bits.

the house and the men on the other side and the declaration

spot.

Another of the enjoyable fea-

confidential, if so desired.

M. E. FOHS.